Siam and its King.

The official name of the present King of Siam is Chulalon Korn I.; his family name, Somdech Phra Paramindr Maha. He succeeded to the throne in 1868. He is twenty-nine years old. We do not know in what respect his administration may be said to be an improvement on that of his father except that the influence of an increasing commerce with the more civilized nations, and contact with them that is thus brought about, is slowly producing an ameliorating influence upon the custom of the people, changing their modes of thought and modifying for the better their whole civilization. Like all the people of the far east they are jealous of foreigners and their ways, and only pattern after them as their superiority is brought home to them in so convincing a manner as to prove to them that it is for their self-interest to abandon the habits and modes of centuries and accept the results of experience and ever increasing knowledge. The limits of the kingdom of Siam have varied much at different periods of its history; and even now, with the exception of the western frontier, the lines of demarcation cannot be exactly traced, most of the border lands being occupied by tribes more or less independent. As nearly as can be calculated, the country extends, at present, from the fourth to the twentieth degree of north latitude, and from the ninety-sixth to the 102d degree east longitude, being a total area of about 250,000 square miles. The numbers of the population are still more imperfectly known than the extent of territory, and the difficulty of any correct result is the greater on account of the Oriental custom of numbering only the men. The last native registers state the male population of the kingdom as follows, in round numbers: 2,000,000 Siamese; 1,500,000 Chinese; 1,000,000 Loatians; 1,000,000 Malays; 350,000 Cambodians, and 50,000 Peguans. Doubling these figures, to include the female sex, this would give a total population for the kinfidom of 11,800,000 inhabitants, or forty-seven to the square mile. The Siamese dominions are divided into forty-one provinces, each presided over by a phaja, or governor. The native historians distinguish two natural divisions of the country, called Monang-Nona, the region of the north, and Monang-Tai, the southern region. Previous to the fifteenth century, the former was the more populous part of the country, but since the establishment of Bangkok as capital—with from 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants—the south has taken the lead in population. Siam is called by its inhabitants Thai, or Monang-Thai, which means "free," or "the kingdom of the free." The word Siam—quite unknown to the natives—is Malay, from sajam "the brown race." There is comparatively little trade or industry in the country, mainly owing to the state of serfdom in which the population is kept by the feudal owners of the land. Throughout the whole of Siam, the natives are kept to forced labor for a certain period of the year, varying from three to four months, in consequence of which the land, rich in many parts, is so badly cultivated as barely to produce sufficient food for its thin population. Nearly the whole of the trade is in the hands of foreigners and in recent years many Chinese, not subject like the natives to forced labor, have settled in the country. The foreign trade of Siam centers in Bangkok, the capital. The minor exports embrace a great variety of articles, chief among them teel-seed, pepper, Japan wood, skins, spices, and sugar. The chief article of export is rice.—*Detroit Post.*

Eating Among the Tchouktchis.

The second night of our journey we halted at the village of Ynedlin, near which the Vega wintered in 1878-79. We were entertained at the house of the chief, the largest house I had yet seen. The sleeping portion, the yoronger, was about thirty feet long by twelve wide, and seven feet high. Here was plenty of room and fresh air. I was forced to remain at this house four nights, partially detained by stormy weather. It was fortunate for me that the house was such a pleasant one, since I had to remain there so long. I had an opportunity now to witness their mode of life more closely than ever before, and it was here that I saw for the first time many of those disgusting customs that became so familiar to me afterward. They had plenty of walrus meat, and also of reindeer meat, and we lived well, according to Tchouktchis ideas.

No matter how early you may awaken in the morning you will always find the mistress of the household already up—that is: her position changed from reclining to sitting; and as soon as she observes that you are really awake she hands you a few small pieces of meat—not much, only an ounce or two, perhaps, but it steadies your nerves till breakfast time—that is: until the others wake up. Then she goes into the adjoining apartment, which is merely an inclosure to keep the dogs away from the household stores, and after fifteen or twenty minutes of pounding and chopping returns with the breakfast. A large, flat, wooden tray is placed on the floor, and the landlady, dropping off her clothes, takes her position at one end, a position inelegantly but accurately described as "squatting." The family and their guests gather around the board on either side, lying flat on their stomachs with heads toward the breakfast and their feet out, so that a bird's-eye view of the table and guests would look something like an immense beetle. The first course is some frozen weeds mixed with seal oil and eaten with small portions of fresh blubber, which the lady of the house cuts with a large chopping-knife. The approved method of eating this food is to take a piece of the blubber and place it somewhere on the pile of weeds and then press as much as you can gather between your thumb and the three adjoining fingers into a mass, which will, if you are lucky, stick together until you get it into your mouth. The man with the biggest thumb has the best chance here. One poor fellow whom I saw further up the coast, who had lost his right hand and the thumb of the left, had to be fed by his wife. The next course is walrus meat. This is also cut up by the presiding lady and is served with no stinting hand. At this portion of the meal the one who can swallow the largest piece without chewing has the advantage, and the only way to get even with him is to keep one piece in your mouth and two in your hand all the time. After this joint has been thoroughly discussed there comes a large piece of walrus hide which has a small portion of blubber attached to it and the hair still on the outside. When the meat is rotten the hair can be easily scraped off, but otherwise it is eaten with the rest of the hide. This hide is about an inch thick and very tough, so that it is absolutely impossible to chew it, or rather to affect it by chewing. Even the dogs will chew perhaps for half a day upon a small piece of walrus hide hanging from a bag of meat and fail to detach it. This is, therefore, cut into small slices by the hostess, and finishes the meal. It is really the most palatable dish of the whole meal, and furnishes something for the stomach to act upon that generally occupies its attention until the following meal, but it is astonishing how easily a meat diet is digested and how soon one's appetite returns after having gorged at such a meal. When forced to lie over on account of storms or some notion of Wanker's, and with nothing to do and nothing to read, it seemed to me that all I did was to lie on my back and watch for indications of the next meal. It was all there was to break the monotony unless my pipe needed cleaning. This was always a welcome task, for by due carefulness I could generally make it last for half a day. There are usually two meals a day in a well provided Tchouktchis household—the breakfast just described, and dinner, which comes on late in the evening. The dinner is almost identical in form with the breakfast, except that there is most always some hot cooked meat that follows the course of walrus hide. Sometimes the second course at breakfast or dinner may be frozen seal or reindeer meat, but the first and third courses are invariable unless changed by circumstances beyond the control of the households. Besides these two meals there is always a similar service to any guest who may arrive during the day from a distance, and all present share his luncheon with him, and not infrequently beat him out unless he watches closely and keeps himself well provided. I speak feelingly of this matter, for so often have I had a luncheon put before me and devoured by those who had perhaps but just finished a meal, while I politely lingered so as not to appear too ravenous. I got over such trifling finally, and could take my place at the board with full confidence that I would get at least my share of what was going on.—*Arctic Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

Longevity as a Measure of Happiness.

During his last expedition in Central Asia, Professor Vambery managed to interview the Emir of Samarcand—a sort of Mohammedan prince-cardinal and primate of the Eastern Sunnites. As Imam of the local lyceum the Emir appeared to take a natural interest in the progress of European science, but, when his guest expatiated on the material prosperity of the Western Giaours, he interupted him with a less expected question.

"The happiest people on earth, you call them? What age do they generally attain to?" Vambery seems to have returned an evasive reply, though he admits that the query was not altogether irrelevant, at least from the standpoint of an Oriental who values existence for its own sake. But, even in the less unpretending West, longevity is not a bad criterion of happiness. Misfortume kills; Nature takes care to shorten a life of misery—for reasons of her own; too, for, in a somewhat recondite (but here essential) sense, the survival of the happiest is also the survival of the fittest. The progress of knowledge tends to circumscribe the realm of accident, and with it the belief in the existence of unmerited evils. In spite of prenatal influences and unprecalculable mishaps, the management of the individual is the most important factor in the sum total of weal or woe. If we could see ourselves as Omniscience sees us, we would probably recognize our worst troubles as the works of our own hands, and thus recognize them now with sufficient clearness to be half ashamed of them. Most men now-a-days dislike to confess their bad luck. We have ceased to ascribe diseases to the malice of capricious demons, and even in Spain the commander of a beaten army would hesitate to plead astrological excuses. Polycrates held that a plucky man can bias the stars, and the popular worship of success may be founded on an instinctive perception of a similar truth. Sultan Achmed went too far in his habit of strangling his defeated Pashas, but the world in general agrees with him that there must be something wrong about a generally unsuccessful man. After two or three decided defeats the partisans of a popular leader will give him up for lost, and after a series of disasters the damaged man himself generally begins to share their opinion and looses heart, or, as the ancients expressed it, admits the decree of fate—i. e., his own inability to prevail in the struggle for existence; and it is curious how swiftly a physical collapse often follows upon such a giving way of the moral supports. The storms of every political, social, and financial crisis extinguishes hundreds of life flames; lost hope is a fatal (though a silent and sometimes an unconfessed and unsuspected) disease. Good luck, on the other hand, tends to prolong life; the longevity of pensioners and sinecurists is almost proverbial, and there are men who continue to live in defiance of all biological probabilities, merely because existence somehow or other has become desirable, as a liberal supply of external oxygen will nourish a lamp in default of inner oil. At the beginning of the Franco-Prussian war, King William and his chancellor and staff-officers were already gray-headed veterans, and it is no accident that they are all alive yet; while nearly all the ministers and marshals of the exploded empire have followed their leader—"weary of life and tired of buttoning and unbuttoning," as a captain of H. M. S., explained his suicide.—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Mobile, Ala., has a very versatile somnambulist. One night recently he got out of bed, arrayed himself in full evening dress, and went through the motion of receiving guests. The next night he imagined he was at an encampment, and shouldering his gun, paraded the streets all night. The night following he got up and dressed, putting his socks outside of his shoes, and ran a foot race.—*New Haven Register.*

A Progressive Century.

In one of those delightful tales of Voltaire I remember how the King of Babylon cured of excessive self-esteem a great satrap called Irax. The moment he awoke in the morning the master of the royal music entered the favorite's chamber with a full chorus and orchestra, and performed in his honor a cancata which lasted two hours, and every third minute there came a refrain to this effect:

What virtue, what grace, what power hath he!
How pleased with himself my lord must be!

The cancata over, a royal chamberlain advanced and pronounced a harangue that lasted three-quarters of an hour, in which he extolled him for posessing all the good qualities which he had not got. At dinner, which lasted three hours, the same ceremonial was continued. If he opened his mouth to speak, the first chamberlain said: "Hark, we shall hear wisdom!" And before he had uttered two words the second chamberlain said: "What wisdom do we hear?" Then the third and fourth chamberlains broke into shouts of laughter over the good things which Irax had said, or rather ought to have said. After dinner the same cancata was again sung in his honor. On the first day Irax was delighted; the second day he found less pleasant; on the third he was bored; on the fourth he said he could bear it no longer, and on the fifth he was cured. I sometimes think this nineteenth century, with its material progress and mechanical inventions, its steam and electricity, gas and patents, is being treated by the press and other public admirers much as the chamberlains in Zadig treated the satrap. The century is hardly awake of morning before thousands of newspapers, speeches, lectures and essays appear at its bedside or its breakfast table, repeating as in chorus:

What virtue, what grace, what power hath he!
How pleased with himself my lord must be!

Surely, no century in all human history was ever so much praised to its face for its wonderful achievements, its wealth and its power, its unparalleled ingenuity and its miraculous capacity for making itself comfortable and generally enjoying life. British associations and all sorts of associations, economic, scientific and mechanical, are perpetually executing cantatas which (alas!) last much longer than three hours. The gentlemen who perform wonderful and unsavory feats in crowded lecture halls always remind us that "never was such a time as this nineteenth century." Public men laying the first stones of institutes, museums or amusing the Royal Academy after dinner, great inventors who have reaped fortunes and titles raise up their hands and bless us in the benignity of affluent old age. I often think of Lord Sherbrooke, in his new robes and cornet, as the first chamberlain, bowing and, crying out: "What a noble age is this!" The journals perform the part of the orchestry, banging big drums and blow-trumpets—penny trumpets, two-penny, three-penny, or six-penny trumpets—and the speakers, before or after dinner, and the gentlemen who read papers in the sections, perform the part of chorus, singing in unison:

How pleased with himself this age must be!

As a mere mite to this magnificent epoch, I ask myself what have I done, and many plain people around me who have no mechanical genius at all—what have we done to deserve this perpetual cataract of congratulations? All that I can think of is the assurance that "Figaro" gives the count: "Our lordships gave ourselves the trouble to be born in it."—*Fortnightly Review.*

The Government's Fish Ship.

The Government is building at Wilmington a splendid iron steamship, which will cost nearly $200,000, and especially constructed for the Fish Commission, to gather and preserve sea fish. The vessel will be sent to London with millions of specimens of small fish and sea-bugs, to be exhibited at the Great Fish exposition to be held there in May. She is to be christened, the *Albatross*. She is 200 feet long, twenty-seven feet six inches beam, sixteen feet nine inches depth of hold, and of 800 tons burthen. She will be supplied with a deep-sea dredge with eight or ten miles of wire rope, for the purpose of fishing up specimens of animal life which may be found miles below the surface of the ocean. Past Assistant Engineer G. W. Baird is superintending the construction of the ship, which is being built at Pusey, Jones & Co.'s yards, and will be launched in about four months. The *Albatross* will be under the direction of United States Fish Commissioner Baird, who will go with her to the London Exposition which will be the greatest fish show ever seen in the world. There will be on exhibition there every kind of animal known to exist in the seas and rivers of the world, from a whale to a tadpole. All the leading fish culturists and dealers in the United States will send exhibits which, in addition to the millions of preserved exhibits sent by the Government, will probably make our display the most complete of any on exhibition. The largest number of the Government exhibits will be microscopic specimens, but thousands of curious and valuable specimens preserved in liquor, and now at the Smithsonian Institution, will be put on board the *Albatross* and sent over.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Flash Words.

I think there is one habit—I said to one company a day or two afterwards—worse than that of punning. It is the gradual substitutions of cant or flash terms for words which characterize their objects. I have known several very genteel idiots whose whole vocabulary had deliquesced into some half dozen expressions. All things fell into one of two great categories, fast or slow. Man's chief end was to be a "brick." When the great calamities of life overtook their friends, these last were spoken of as being "a good deal cut up." Nine-tenths of human existence were summed up in the single word "bore." These expressions come to be algebraic symbols of minds which have grown too weak or indolent to discriminate. They are the blank checks of intellectual bankruptcy; you may fill them up with what idea you like; it makes no difference; for there are no fund in the treasury upon which they are drawn.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

—From esthethic Boston comes this bit of wit: "We were eating our supper, and Mrs. Dodge was cooking beefsteak. I asked my little girl how she would have her beefsteak cooked. She replied, 'I will have it tender and true.'"

The Plague of Caterpillars.

Since the number of individuals, on the average, remains the same, an enormous majority (say, ninety-nine hundredths) die without continuing their species. Every insect has four stages to pass through in a year, sometimes in half a year or less,—viz., egg, caterpillar, pupa, and wingedinsect; it is in the caterpillar stage that all the eating is done. The caterpillar and the winged state, being the stages of exposure, are those in which most of the thinning takes place; and the latter is the more important stage in this respect, because by the time a caterpillar has grown large enough to be made a satisfactory meal of, it has already done much mischief. In the caterpillar stage, the thinning effected by birds, tree-bugs, carnivorous caterpillars, etc., is enormous. Ichneumon flies are not to be included, for though they kill, death does not take place till the caterpillar is full fed; and, in the meantime, the young, parasitic family they provide it with has probably increased the caterpillar's voracity. In the winged stage, also, immense numbers are destroyed by birds and by bats, and by carnivorous insects. But none of these checks on multiplication, nor all together appear to be sufficiently variable to account for that sudden increase in caterpillars in some years that is spoken of as a plague; the question arises whether we do not find such a check in the weather. I doubt whether anyone who has been a practical entomologist has an adequate conception of the thinning effect exercised by unfavorable weather on insects in the winged state, or the correspondingly quickening effect of weather that is favorable. The effect is concentrated, because the existence of insects in this state is brief—a few days for an individual, a few weeks for a whole species,—and it is strong, because in this stage they are so sensitive to it. It is not merely that rough weather destroys them, and that in windy weather they do not fly, but the mere absence of sunshine is enough to prevent many species from moving at all. Like the "pale primrose," but in a different sense, they

Die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.

The sunless summer of 1860 nearly exterminated from some of the Sussex and Hampshire woods several species which had formerly been plentiful there. A rainy fortnight may produce such an effect on a species; on the other hand, a hot fortnight at the right time may foster an immense increase in the number of fertile eggs. Even when the species does not require sunshine, greater or less warmth makes a vast difference in the numbers on the wing. In hot weather the slightest touch of the beating-stick brings them out in swarms, while in ordinary weather they are difficult to rouse.

I need scarcely add that the circumstance that a principal cause of insects plagues—the weather—is beyond our control, affords no argument against the use of such means of keeping them under as are within our power to influence. Chief among these means seems to be the preservation of those vivacious inhabitants of our woods and gardens, some shy, some impertinent, but all (except sparrows) delightful, our wild birds. —*London Spectator.*

Dexterity of Sandwich Islanderers.

After lunch we strolled out in the cocoanut grove, where the King ordered a native boy, about fifteen years old apparently, to climb a tree and throw down some fruit. The trees are about 100 feet high, and are as devoid of limbs or other helps for climbing as a flagstaff. All of them curve more or less, but with no apparent order, however; for in a grove of a thousand not one will stand exactly perpendicular, and all will curve differently. At the very top of each is a graceful bunch of long, waiving leaves, just underneath which are the bunches of fruit.

When the boy stood at the foot of the tree we wondered how he intended to make the ascent, thinking of course, he must have some assistance. But he placed the palms of his hands on the tree's sides, dug his toes into the slightly rough bark, and suddenly, to our amazement, began *walking* up the tree. Until he reached the very top he touched no part of his body to the tree saving his palms and toes. At the top he wound his legs around the tree, and with his hands began to throw down nuts. Our applause excited a spirit of emulation in the next native ordered up. He was a young man larger and stouter than the boy, and with a mite of conscious merit he placed only his palms and the souls of his feet against the tree, and proceeded to run to the top of the tree. It was really a wonderful performance, for he disdained to give himself the slight advantage of digging his toes into the bark, and would have proudly fallen at any time rather than wind a leg or clasp an arm around the tall tree, up which he ran with as much ease as though it had been lying prostrate. When he reached the top, instead of clasping the tree with his arms, he held on with both palms and one foot, and with the other foot proceeded to kick off the cocoanuts, directing them toward any of us he selected.—*Honolulu Cor. San Francisco Call.*

A Dwarf Killed by Cats.

A showman named Joseph Lumeau has been arrested at Lille on a charge of causing the death of a dwarf under very curious circumstances. The dwarf who was seventeen years old, and barely twenty-five inches in height, had been sold to Lumeau by his father, to be exhibited in a booth. His purchaser conceived the idea of establishing a miniature menagerie, with the dwarf as tamer. He caused a number of cats to be painted so as to look like tigers, and, giving the dwarf a whip, compelled him, by kicks and threats, to goad the cats into a furious attack upon him. The consequence was that the poor little fellow, who had always a great aversion to cats, was literally torn to pieces by the infuriated animals. This took place at the fair of Beaupre-sur-Saone last month, since when the showman had disappeared. —*London Daily News.*

—A Baltimore negro wife-beater was recently ordered by a Judge of that city to receive thirty lashes. Such a sentence was entirely unexpected by the culprit, who for a few moments seemed stricken dumb; then he exclaimed: "Fore the Lord, Judge, give me seven years in jail." This was the first whipping case under the new law, passed at the last session of the Legislature.

A Distinguished Man of Science.

A clear bright face, a keen, thoughtful eye, bearing both his years and his learning "lightly as a flower," Sir John Lubbuck hardly strikes you as a man who has invaded nearly every province of human knowledge and swept the scientific world of its honors and decorations. He is one of the greatest of London bankers, but he is also much more. He combines in a more extraordinary way than any person living what is scientific and speculative with what is practical and political. In very different directions he has made his mark and achieved solid success. The basis of his character and work no doubt lies in its scientific side. In the method, sagacity and patience of his observations he evidences the true spirit of the Baconian induction. He cannot, as Bacon did in his day, take all human knowledge for his province, but no man better understands the relationships between various departments of knowledge, or has made himself a specialist in a large number of them. On one side of his character he is a country gentleman, a patient thinker, a plodding investigator of minute phenomena. Men of action and politics, who would scorn to watch ants and wasps and study flint instruments, have rarely achieved such brilliant and remarkable success. He is one of the best known members of Parliament, holding one of the most honorable of seats by the firmest of tenures. Few men have such a spotless, honorable and disinterested character in public and private life.

First of all, Sir John is a banker, as was his father before him. In several respects he illustrates the doctrine of heredity, as set forth by his late friend and neighbor, Mr. Darwin. Sir John William Lubbock was, in his day, a very remarkable astronomer, not so much, as his famous son explained to me, on the popular "observatory side" as on the high mathematical side. He had also a celebrated relative, Dr. Lubbock, of Norfolk, who wrote on the fauna of his country. He had thus an ancestral fame to sustain, both scientifically and socially. I need hardly say that he is a thorough man of business. Nowhere has Sir John made his great powers more felt than in the region of banking. They say "every man is a debtor to his profession;" and Sir John has acquitted this debt very fully. He has made two great landmarks in the history of banking which will always be associated with his name. One of these is the bank holiday; the other, the institution of the clearing house of country banks, by which the benefits long known in the city of London were extended to all parts of the country. All the honors which the banking world could confer upon him have been liberally bestowed. He is the President of the Institute of Bankers, with its two thousand members, and holds the peculiar and remarkable position of honorary Secretary of the London Association of Bankers. He is thus the medium between the banks and the Government, and the chosen exponent of the views of bankers in relations to government. Then, he has instituted a system of examination for bankers' clerks corresponding to the civil-service examinations. Sir John was a member of the International Coinage Committee appointed by Government, and he is the author of a great variety of papers in financial literature.—*Whitehall Review.*

In a Russian Prison.

In the cells of the upper and middle tiers are put the least compromised criminals. All the cells are of the same size—ten feet long, seven feet broad and ten feet high. The doors have each two openings—one large enough for the daily food and drink to be put in through it and the other of smaller size, to serve as a spy-hole for the jailers. The doors are also each fastened with two padlocks—the key of the one being in the jailer's custody, while that of the other remains in charge of the commandant of the fortress. The dish from which the prisoner eats is pushed in through grooves cut in a plate of iron which projects from the interior of the door, at a height of about four feet from the floor. The dish can not, therefore, be removed by the prisoner, who must take his food standing against the door—and this with a spoon which is attached to the plate. The drinking water is put into a sort of jug hinged to the door. When the prisoner wishes to drink he must get down upon his knees and turn this vessel upon its hinges or pivots. Food is supplied at 11 o'clock in the morning and 6 in the evening, and ordinarially consists of oatmeal gruel and a quarter of a kilogramme of meat. Besides this there is a daily allowance of a kilogramme of rye bread. The prisoner's bed consists of a plank, six feet by three, with a straw mattress, a sheet so strong and coarse that it is impossible to tear it, and a covering of felt—all of which articles are taken away during the day. The dress consists of a gray woolen jacket quite short and tight-fitting, short pantaloons of the same color, and long felt boots. For women the jacket is supplied, and a gray skirt added. The prisoners must get up at 6 o'clock, and go to bed again at 8. It has been ascertained, by means of the street observations, which are constantly taken through the peep-holes, that, as a general rule, the prisoners spend their long hours from their rising until their breakfast in pacing to and fro in their cells; after this they are wont to remain quiet for an hour or so, only to give way next to an excess of desolate despair which their pitiable situation may well inspire.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Covering House Walls.

The usual practice of covering house walls with paper is pronounced by an English scientific writer to be objectionable in various respects—for though convenient and pleasing, it is not conducive to health, this being due to the fact that the paper itself sometimes gives off deleterous particles, and the paste with which it is held to the walls undergoes organic decomposition in presence of damp. A great desideratum is a fabric that can be put up like paper, and that can be washed at any time, and so completely purified. To realize this, it has been suggested that in some portions of a house ornamental tiles, might be advantageously used; in other rooms an impermeable cement might be employed, and in others thin galvanized iron, the latter of which would prove exceedingly useful and durable. All walls which are porous and absorb vapor must be considered undesirable.—*Exchange.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—An Arkansas man who stole a canoe seven years ago has just been floated into jail.

—The Philadelphia *Times* expects to live long enough to see everybody in this country sleep in hammocks during the summer.

—A town in Connecticut had a marriage, an elopement, a fire, a funeral, a circus, a murder and a thunder storm on the same day, and Deadwood is asked to take a back seat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Bandboxes are said to have been so called from their having been first used for holding the minister's "bands," or wide collars, such as Milton wears in his portraits.

—A Toronto woman, arrested for beastly inebriety, objected to the use of the word "drunk" as applied to her condition. She thought that the expression denoted a vulgar mind. She was given a few days in jail to think up a better synonym.

—A good farm in Indiana has been allowed to run to weeds for five years, because of the belief that it is under the curse of a former owner, whose ghost walks the fields at night, and would make it unpleasant for a tenant.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—A woman in Rome, Ga., the *Courier* of that city says, has made from the juice of one watermelon a pint of thick, golden syrup. Georgia papers are agreed that there is a fortune for the man or woman who succeeds in making sugar from melons.

—At Zanesville, O., recently, William Smith had an eye knocked out. He was playing with a little girl in the hall of the Zane Hotel, when, catching his foot in the carpet, he fell against the back round of a chair, completely bursting his eye. The entire ball of the eye was taken out by occulists. The young man suffered terribly.

—Sir Walter Crofton, long head of the Irish prisons, points out that while in England all the convict prisons are periodically subject to an independent outside inspection, no such inspection has, with one brief exception, been made in Ireland for twenty-five years. The prison departments have been left unchecked to govern as they please.

—They have queer notions of "power" on the Penobscot River. At the Fort Point House a few days ago a young Bostonian who "does" elocution read an affecting selection in such a manner that he sent one of the young ladies into hysteries; and one of the Bangor papers speaks of the hysterics as a "singular tribute to his power as a reader."—*Boston Post.*

—Montreal, Canada, must be the earthly heaven of letter-writing lovers. The postal officials there refuse point blank to deliver letters to any person other than the one to whom they are addressed. A husband can not get his wife's mail nor can a father successfully demand the correspondence intended for his children, provided the children are more than nine years of age. It has been so decided and so it remains.

—The Denver *Tribune* suggests to the Malley boys, who are starting out on a tour of the fashionable resorts, that "there are too many trees about Denver" to make it pleasant for them in that quarter. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, speaking in a similar strain, says: "There are a good many places in the United States where fast young scapegraces of the Malley stamp would be in danger of running out of wind."

—The champion nuisance is the fellow who borrows newspapers on the cars. Because a person has laid his newspaper on his lap, that is not to say he is done with it. As he rides along, thinking over what he has read, he may often wish to refer to the paper, and it is an imposition upon his politeness that it should be in the hands of somebody else. Newspapers are cheap enough and are to be read everywhere. Be man enough to pay for your own reading.—*Iowa State Register.*

—The statistics of longevity in Prussia are striking. In December, 1880, there were living 359 persons who were at least 100 years old, 128 of them being men and 231 women. Of the men thirty-two were still married; of the women five were. Twelve of the men had never married and nine of the women never had. Of persons born between 1781 and 1790 5,355 were still living, the men being 2,025 in number and the women 3,330. The records further show that the number of persons born in the last century and still living, those, therefore, who were at least 80 years of age, reached a total of 77,668.

—Of the late ex-Congressman Artemas Hale the Boston *Traveller* says: "He was always regular and temperate in his habits, and a total abstainer from intoxicating liquor and tobacco, and enjoyed a remarkable degree of health during his whole life. He was accustomed to drive out alone till recently, and within a few years has been seen wheeling a bag of meal from the store to his residence, disdaining the lazy ways of younger men. With the exception of his hearing, he retained full possession of his faculties, physical and mental, and his address to his lodge on his 95th birthday is spoken of as one of the finest ever delivered before a Masonic body. His only living direct descendant is a grand-daughter, who lived with him. His only son was killed in his own sight, by a runaway accident, several years ago.

—A foreign paper says that "in Germany the sofa is the seat of honor, and to omit offering its privileges to an invited guest is to condemn oneself as being ignorant of the usages of polite society. But a gentleman may not sit upon the sofa; to take a seat there uninvited is very presumptuous; and to ask even an intimate acquaintance to sit beside her on that sacred resting-place would be highly indecorous in a young lady." In justice to the girls of that country, however, it should be said that arm-chairs were in use in Germany long before sofas were thought of.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—One of the finest native gems thus far discovered in this country is on exhibition at Bangor. It is a green tourmaline of rare beauty and perfection. It was found a few days ago at Mount Mica, and has just been cut by a veteran lapidary of Boston. An emerald of its size and perfection is extremely rare, if not unknown.—*Boston Post.*